THE
Comical Dream,
OR,
The Tempest:
A Mock Poem.

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REPRESENTING

The Humours of some Sea-sick Passengers
Their Feav'rish Valour, and their Aguish fears:

WITH

The true Description of a

False Sea-Fight:

Qui ducis Vultus, & non legis ista libenter,
Omnibus invideas livide Nemo tibi. Mart. Lib. I. Epig.

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THE
Comical Dream,
OR
The Tempest.

A Mock Poem, &c.

SIR,

His humble Pen receives no Aid from those
Who Thunder in Verse, and speak like Guns in Prose:
Such Wit like Powder makes a horrid noise
And with a bounceing-flash it self destroy's.
These Empty-Authors only rich in sound
With glorious Nonsence all their Books abound.
O how ambitiously they Court the Press,
To make the ignorant admire their dress:
To gain the Applauses of a Vulgar breath
Which once suckt in, like Poyson, swells to death.
Dull-Soulless-men! instead of nat'ral parts,
Their brains stuft full with low Mechanick Arts.

Few be so happy to reach DRYDEN'S *height,*
Or if they should, the wit is out of sight!
Then do not blame me for so low a stile,
My Wit's compel'd in other sports to toyle,
Or rather busines calls me from my Pen,
Such busines as confounds the Witts of men.
——————*Shou'd I thus begin*——————

It is well known to some, or most of ye,
How Merchants go in Wood, cut out of Tree,
To take fresh Air in crossing the salt Sea:
But who the Devil wou'd like such Ribaldry?
My Taper here, seeing such wretched stuffe,
Ner took its leave but vanish'd in a snuff.

LONDON, that Famous City for Commerce.
Muses assist, to sing her praise in Verse.
Let learn'd Historians tell her Founders name;
My work is to describe her present Fame.
Hail Queen of Cities! mayst thou ever be,
As now thou art, the Glory of the three.
Thou art erected on so firm a Base
As neither time, nor envy, shall deface.
And if one unexperienc'd, can devine,
Thy glories ne'r shall set, but alwaies shine
In Honours Orb, there fixt, thy Friends to chear;
But Meteor-like possess thy Foes with fear.
If well built Ships, and stately buildings be
Th' Effects of Art, and Ingenuity?
And if these Arts do merit any praise?
Thou, out of ruine did'st thy Trophies raise:

For

For Phœnix-like from Her bright Aſhes came
Another Phœnix to revive her name!
So ſhall ſucceeding Ages much admire,
How this great City fell and riſe! by Fire!
In lieu of Eggs to fill her empty neſt,
A City hatch't: equal to none! the beſt!
Each private building, like a Pallace, ſhowes;
Contriv'd by Art in Uniformal-rowes:
And in the middle of this glorious place,
Is rear'd an Edifice of Royal-race:
The *Royal Exchange*, where Merchants dayly meet,
Making the Pavements proud to kiſs their Feet.
To Noble *Greſham*, her firſt being owes,
And now her VValls a Kingly Race incloſe:
In Efigie (though dead) they lively ſtand,
Viewing the relicks of their paſt-command.
O're the *Piazzi* of this noble-ſquare,
Live tempting Angles ſelling out their ware,
VVhoſe ſwe.t-alluring-ſmiles, and lovely looks,
Take all the Fiſh that nibble at thoſe hooks.
Pride's ſould by th' *Peece*, and Pleaſure, by the *Yard*:
But whom you Traffick with, have great regard;
For ſome Commodities Infectious are----
Though to the outward ſhow appear moſt fair:
Yet ſometimes damag'd prove, and burnt within;
'Tis puniſhment to pay ſo dear for ſin;
And for a moments tickling pleaſure lye
A Moneth in pain, then play the Fool and dye.

But

But here dull-*Morpheus* with his leaden Mace,
Did throw a pleasing slumber or'e my face;
Which slid into the Portals of mine eyes,
And seis'd my fences with a quick surprise.
'Twixt sleep and waking on my back, I lay
When Fancy rais'd a Visionary-day;
And bad my drousy thoughts, sit down and see,
While she presented them a Comedy.
Faith, so it prov'd---Thrice had the Musick play'd
When various Antiques, danc'd in Masquerade.
They vanish'd straight, and for a Prologue, comes
A fellow in, full of his hauks, and hamms:
Dres't up in high-crown'd Hat, and narrow band,
Who for a while did like an Image stand:
Into his mouth he suckt his snotty snowt,
He spit and spaul'd and gently trod it out:
So having thus prepar'd himself to speak
His tongue, like Bagpipes, through his Organs squeak.
My thoughts sate sympring at this formal sight,
Had it been real I had laugh't out-right.
Mean while t'amuse my thoughts a Sister came,
He toucht her flesh, and askt her carnal name;
The spirit mov'd him to salute her too,
And in the Act, he whisper'd her, *Wou't do?*
Doe' (quoth she) what do'st thou mean by this?
T'increase the faithful; Lambs may play and kiss:
The seed of Faith, sown upon fertil ground,
Will make the faithful every where abound.
His strong desire she faintly do's refuse,
And now his zeal the chase more hot persues.

Words, without Preſents, take ſucceſsleſs pains,
No Love like that of *Bracelets*, *Pearls*, and *Chains*:
Preſents, in a dumb Language plead their mind,
And cauſe the Object quickly to be Kind.
With more than uſual haſt, urging her toot,
He now preſents her with ſome early fruit.
No ſooner taſted, but like Grannum *Eve*,
She fell----and he upon her---here I leave.
Shou'd I proceed, 'twou'd titulate your blood,
And make ye ſtand to things that are not good:
Knowing how apt our Nature is that way,
Though, in a full *Career*, it forc'd me, ſtay.

Here, the *Scæne* ſhifted to th' *Royal Exchange*:
My wand'ring thoughts through every *Walk* did range.
And leaning 'gainſt a Pillar, heard ſome ſay,
How that the firſt fair wind, they wou'd away:
And by diſcurſive Circumſtance, I found,
They and the *Captain*, were for ----- bound.
No ſooner a deſire poſſeſt my mind;
Of Place, and Perſons, alteration find.
Not lightning flaſhes ſwifter through the air;
Nor Lovers fancies gazing on the Fair,
Than did my Thoughts-----
The whiſpr'ing voices, and the ſilken *Cloathes*;
Now chang'd to *Tarry*---and to ful-mouth'd Oaths.
The Boat-ſwain, loudeſt, bad them make leſs noiſe;
He lick't the *Younckers*, kick't about the Boys.

Me thoughts, at this I was concern'd and vext;
And was afraid it might be my turn next.
Hands o're the side, the Captain's come aboard:
And with him *Merchants*, with Provisions stor'd.
The *Anchor* weigh'd, and Ship just under sail:
When in an instant sprung a mighty Gale.
She now begins to bouze it with her snout,
And toss her new Inhabitants about:
They, not inur'd to this unstable Place;
It chang'd their mirth into a serious face.
And all confus'd, cannot tell what to think,
But reel and stagger, like as men in drink.
No pleasing Object, now salutes the Eye,
But ugly Scelletons are stalking by.
A squeasy stomach bids them to prepare
To take a Vomit, and to walk i'th' Air.
One throws himself upon his little Bed,
And on his hand, he leans his aching head.
Another, o're a Bason says his Prayers:
What he eat last, for those will have it, spares.
A third, into the Gallery runs, and there
What he intends, those next him, smell and hear.
Strip handsome women, let 'um naked stand;
Shou'd they with looks, intreat; with words, command:
Should they fall back, and pluck them with 'um too,
They'd rise agen, and little say, or do.
Few hours sickness alters Nature quite,
And makes a Saint, of who before was Right.

Had

Had ſea or wind, but any Sence of wrong,
They wou'd not have maintain'd the VVar ſo long.
Boreas, puft up the Sea with ſwelling Pride;
Whoſe proud Ambitious waves, the Ship, defied:
And riſing up into a Mountaine's height,
Break in, and ſtagger her with no leſs weight.
The Scud flyes thick; ſuch threatning clouds appear,
*W*ould melt a hardn'd courage into Fear:
*W*hen Cowards, who the danger do not know,
Can with a boldneſs to their ruine go:
So *Aſſes*, in diſguiſe, like *Lions* ſhow.
The angry Elements, in thunder ſpeak,
As if they wou'd, the courſe of Nature break;
And all it's order, into *Chaos* ſhake.
All darkneſs is,----But when the Lightnings fly,
And with their ſubtil fires inflame the Sky;
*W*hich, like a *Proſpect-glaſs*, ſhow dangers nigh.
The Land (*to many welcome*!) now does roar,
*W*ith foaming *Billows* beating on the Shoar.
As hungry Lions, though they ſee their Prey
Make towards 'um, Impatient of delay,
Rouſe up, and meet it above half the way.
Even ſo th' Earth contra--to Natures courſe,
Moves in a dreadful ſhape to meet the ſource:
*W*hich, as *Jaccals* the ſilly beaſts, decoy,
So wou'd the Seas, this beaten-ſhip, convoy
To its Deſtruction; Had not Providence
(VVho acts beyond the reach of common Sence)
Made the big Clouds, a kind of Sorrow ſhow,
And weep down bleſſings to the world below.

*T*hose, who in *T*averns keep good Company,
May partly gues what the diſorders be;
For when the *W*ine do's elevate the man,
He thinks, a cou'd do more than others can.
So have I ſeen, two Hectors ſtoutly draw,
*W*hoſe very looks might keep a Fool in awe:
A *M I S* (chiefe) ſteps between, and whiſpers one,
*T*hat he ſhall uſe her firſt. *T*he Quarrel's done.
He takes her at her word, and o're a *C*hair,
Lays her down gently; fumbles out his-----
But that, alas! not in condition then;
Peept out its head, and ſhrunk it in agen.
*W*hich when his *R*ival ſaw, he little fed,
But ſent a bottle to his nodding-head,
And after that, another: *B*oth ingage
*A*rm'd *C*ap-a-pe, with folly, *W*ine, and Rage.
*T*he woman diſappointed of her pleaſure;
Swears, the next time, that he ſhall wait her leaſure:
She quits the *R*oom, goes to another Friend,
*W*ho of her buſineſs quickly made an end.
For Men in drink can ſeldome go, or ſtand;
Much leſs perform a Ladys ſtrict command.
*A*board, confuſion much like this appears,
*T*hey were ſurpriz'd with drink, but theſe, with fears;
For in *R*eels one, with *B*reeches in his hand,
*A*nd what for fear and ſickneſs, cou'd not ſtand;
Fall's o're another, whoſe gaping faint reply,
Did let him know, he'd rather ſpue, than dye.
*T*hough both helpt up, by thoſe which on them wait;
Yet not ſo ſoon, but all *C*ontaminate.

An Hamper of wine o'reſet, and waſh't away,
The reeking Mixture, which by its Confines lay.
No ſooner they, within their Cabbins ſtow'd,
The Sea was lay'd, and VVind more gently blow'd.
And having thus repos'd themſelves awhile,
Roſe up, and at each others Fortunes, ſmile.
All their diſcourſe on the enſuing day,
Was, of the ſeveral poſtures how they lay.
But one more free than any of the reſt,
On his Companions of't wou'd break a Jeſt.
The Ghoſt of's *Mother Came*, whoſe envious frown,
Daſh't all their Mirth, and bea' their ſmiling down!
Not that they ſtood in fear, only becauſe
They would be ſubject unto Honors Laws.
Such is the nature of true Gentlemen,
To take Abuſe, and not to give't agen.
For they by Honor, not by Envy led,
Take no Exception what is done or ſed.
More, t'allay their Mirth, and raiſe their Fear:
A *Tartàn* brings News, th' *Hollanders* are near.
Hammocks all down, and all the Guns put out:
The men half frighted, ſtaring, run about!
Some up the ſhrowds; one above all Eſpies
Small Fiſhermen, the *Hollanders*, he cries.
No ſooner from his mouth the Allarum given:
The Paſſengers bequeath their Souls to Heaven!
One ſhivering ſtands, and whiſp'ring to his Friend;
Damme! theſe VVars will never have an end.
A ſecond ſtamps, and in his paſſion cryes,
My Friends have ſent me, for a Sacrifice!

A little man, more ſerious than they,
Told them, this was no time, to curſe, but Pray.
A fourth, for his Piſtols calls; his Hanger trys
Upon a Gun, that when moſt need on't, flyes.
The moſt Devout, in haſt runs to his Cheſt,
For that good Book, which Pious men love beſt;
But being ſtow'd away beneath the reſt
Cou'd not be found,---faith 'twas a pretty Jeſt!
For up he ſnatches one, One which he took
By the Cover, to be a Sermon book;
Into the Cabin preſently repairs,
And after he had mumbled o're his Prayers;
With a compos'd and ſerious look begins
To read, the juſt reward of all our Sins.
So was the Book Intituled; but alaſs!
This gran-miſtake muſt now no longer paſs.
In ſtead of ſuch a Chapter, ſuch a Verſe;
There was a *Duke* brought in upon a Herſe.
A *Prologue* for the *Text*. One overlooks
Tells him 'a wonders, he will read ſuch Books.
He in a Fury throws the Book away,
The other out of roguery bids him Pray:
Becauſe that he but half an hour before,
Bad him not Curſe, but ſay his Prayers o're.

BRight *Sol* to the *Antipodes* was gone,
When ſilver *Luna*, did aſcend her throne;
Whoſe ſainter Beams ſhone with a glimmering light;
And took her brothers part, made Day, of Night!
Night rouz'd with anger, from a ſable ſhroud,
Incirol'd all her glories in a Cloud.

This

This is the time moſt Creatures go to reſt,
This is the time, which married men love beſt.
This is the time, that women love to play,
And with Love-tricks, to Kiſs Old-time away.
Juſt here, I wak't, and with my longing arms,
Imbrac't an empty ſhadow, without charms.
I turn'd about, and to my Pillow bow'd;
In ſtead of *Juno*, I imbrac'd a Cloud.
It wou'd vex you, or any one beſide,
To have an empty ſhadow for your Bride.
Your Pardon Sir,----I'me out of humor quite,
I ſhall grow tedious, ſhou'd I further write,
Therefore, without a Complement, Good Night.

EPILOGUE.

METhinks I hear ſome Petty-Critticks *ſay,*
In all theſe Lines, he has not touch't the Play:
we did expect his Satyr *in a rage,*
Might ſcare the dancing Devils *off the* Stage.
To undeceive ſuch expectation, know
This Dream *was writ (not many Months ago)*
A thouſand Leagues *from Hence; and by a Pen,*
That vallues not the Dammings of thoſe Men,
Whoſe foppiſh humors to that paſs are grown,
Nothing is Good, but what is like their Own!
Full of ſtiff-Nonſence, Raill'ry A-la-mode!
where ev'ry Devil *thunders like a* god.
The very ſound o'th' words, do drown the Sence,
And their ſtrong Lines are full of Impotence!
Yet if you Read, and not the Verſe commend;
Dam 'um, They'l preſently a Challenge *ſend.*

By ID, ESt,——————*That is to ſay,*
The Beſt, *and* Worſt, *that ever writ a* Play.

FINIS.